









Especially see in  
the modern style  
the cover.

It is a very good book  
and is printed by  
the British Museum Press.

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**TRIAL BY JURY.**

**A Noble and Original Dramatic**

**CANTATA**

**BY**

**ARTHUR SULLIVAN & W. S. GILBERT.**

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**LONDON :**  
**WALTER SMITH, CARLISLE STREET, SOHO.**  
**1875.**

*First produced at the New Royalty Theatre, under the Management of MADAME SELINA DOLARO, Thursday, 25th March, 1875.*

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## Characters.

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The Learned Judge	.. ..	Mr. F. SULLIVAN.
Counsel for the Plaintiff	.. ..	Mr. HOLLINGSWORTH.
The Defendant	.. ..	Mr. W. FISHER.
Foreman of the Jury	.. ..	Mr. CAMPBELL.
Usher	.. ..	Mr. KELLEHER.
and		
The Plaintiff	.. ..	Miss NELLY BROMLEY.
Bridesmaids	.. ..	Mdles. LINDA VERNER, LASSALLE, GRAHAM, DURANT, PALMER, JULIA BEVERLEY, AMY CLIFFORD and VILLIERS.
Gentlemen of the Jury	Messrs. HUSK, BRADSHAW, &c., &c.	

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Modern dresses, without any extravagance or caricature.  
The plaintiff is dressed in bridal dress. The bridesmaids  
as bridesmaids.

The Judge, Counsel, Jury, and Usher, &c. should be as  
like their prototypes at Westminster as possible.

*Time of performance, three quarters of an hour.*



NOTE.—*The music and words of this Piece are published by MESSRS. CHAPPELL & Co., Bond Street. Price 2s. 6d.*

## TRIAL BY JURY.

SCENE.—*A Court of Justice. The bench faces the audience, and extends along the back of the Court. The Judge's desk C. with canopy overhead, Jury-box R. Counsel's seats L., at right angle to Witness-box R.C., between Jury-box and Bench. Judge's desk. Entrance to Court R. and L. Judge's entrance on to Bench, in flat R. Under the Judge, sits the Associate in barrister's wig, gown, and bands. Three steps lead from witness-box on to Bench.*

*Barristers, Attorneys, and Jurymen discovered with Usher.*

*Chorus.*

Hark, the hour of ten is sounding ;  
Hearts with anxious fears are bounding,  
Hall of Justice crowds surrounding,  
Breathing hope and fear—  
For to-day in this arena,  
Summoned by a stern subpoena,  
Edwin, sued by Angelina—  
Shortly will appear.

*The Usher marshals the Jury into Jury-box. Ladies and Barristers cross to L, and sit on Counsel's benches.*

*Solo USHER.*

Now, Jurymen, hear my advice—  
All kinds of vulgar prejudice  
I pray you set aside :  
With stern judicial frame of mind,  
From bias free of every kind,  
This trial must be tried !

*Chorus.*

From bias free of every kind,  
This trial must be tried.

*During Choruses* USHER *says fortissimo* " *Silence in Court!* "

USHER.

Oh listen to the plaintiff's case :  
Observe the features of her face—  
The broken hearted bride.  
Condole with her distress of mind :  
From bias free of every kind,  
This trial must be tried !

*Chorus.*

From bias free, &c.

USHER.

And when amid the plaintiff's shrieks,  
The ruffianly defendant speaks—  
Upon the other side ;  
What *he* may say you needn't mind—  
From bias free of every kind,  
This trial must be tried.

*Chorus.*

From bias free, &c.

*Enter* DEFENDANT L. *with guitar.*

DEFENDANT. (*recit.*)

Is this the Court of the Exchequer?

ALL.

It is !

DEFENDANT. (*aside*).

Be firm my moral pecker,  
Your evil star's in the ascendant !

ALL.

Who are you ?

DEFENDANT.

I'm the Defendant!

*Chorus of JURYMEN.*

Monster, dread our damages!  
We're the jury,  
Dread our fury!

DEFENDANT.

Hear me, hear me, if you please  
These are very strange proceedings  
For permit me to remark  
On the merits of my pleadings,  
You're at present in the dark.

DEFENDANT *beckons to JURYMEN—they leave the box and  
gather round him as they sing the following :*

Ha! ha! ha!  
That's a very true remark—  
On the merits of your pleadings,  
We're entirely in the dark!  
Ha! ha!—ha! ha!

*Song, DEFENDANT.*

When first my old, old love I knew,  
My bosom swelled with joy;  
My riches at her feet I threw—  
I was a lovesick boy!  
No terms seemed extravagant  
Upon her to employ—  
I used to mope and sigh and pant,  
Just like a lovesick boy!  
Tink-a-Tank—Tink-a-Tank.

But joy incessant palls the sense;  
And love, unchanged will cloy,  
And she became a bore intense  
Unto her lovesick boy!  
With fitful glimmer burnt my flame,  
And I grew cold and coy,  
At last, one morning, I became  
Another's lovesick boy!  
Tink-a-Tank—Tink-a-Tink.

*Chorus of JURYMEN (advancing stealthily).*

Oh, I was like that when a lad!  
 A shocking young scamp of a rover,  
 I behaved like a regular cad;  
 But that sort of thing is all over.  
 I'm now a respectable chap  
 And shine with a virtue resplendent,  
 And therefore, I haven't a scrap  
 Of sympathy with the defendant!  
     He shall treat us with awe,  
     If there isn't a flaw,  
 Singing so merrily—Trial-la-law!  
 Trial-la-law—'Trial-la-law!  
 Singing so merrily—Trial-la-law!

*(Jury enter Jury-box.)*

*Recit. USHER (on Bench).*

Silence in Court and all attention lend.  
 Behold your Judge! In due submission bend!

*Enter JUDGE on Bench.*

*Chorus.*

All hail great judge!  
 To your bright rays,  
 We never grudge  
 Ecstatic praise.

All hail!

May each decree  
 As statute rank,  
 And never be  
 Reversed in banc.

All hail!

*Recit. JUDGE.*

For these kind words accept my thanks I pray  
 A Breach of Promise we've to try to-day.  
 But firstly, if the time you'll not begrudge,  
 I'll tell you how I came to be a judge.

ALL.

He'll tell us how he came to be a judge!

JUDGE.

Let me speak.

ALL.

Let him speak.

JUDGE.

Let me speak.

ALL.

Let him speak. Hush! hush!! hush!!!  
(*fortissimo*) He'll tell us how he came to be  
a judge!

*Song.* JUDGE.

When I, good friends, was called to the bar,  
I'd an appetite fresh and hearty,  
But I was as many young barristers are,  
An impecunious party.  
I'd a swallow tail coat of a beautiful blue—  
A brief which I bought of a booby—  
A couple of shirts and a collar or two,  
And a ring that looked like a ruby!

*Chorus.*

A couple of shirts, &c.

JUDGE.

In Westminster Hall I danced a dance,  
Like a semi-despondent fury;  
For I thought I never should hit on a chance  
Of addressing a British jury—  
But I soon got tired of third class journeys,  
And dinners of bread and water;  
So I fell in love with a rich attorney's  
Elderly, ugly daughter.

*Chorus.*

So he fell in love, &c.

JUDGE.

The rich attorney he jumped with joy,  
And replied to my fond professions:  
"You shall reap the reward of your pluck my boy,  
"At the Bailey and Middlesex Sessions.  
"You'll soon get used to her looks," said he,  
"And a very nice girl you'll find her!  
"She may very well pass for forty-three  
"In the dusk, with a light behind her!"

*Chorus.*

She may very well, &c.

JUDGE.

The rich attorney was good as his word :

The briefs came trooping gaily,  
And every day my voice was heard  
At the Sessions or Ancient Bailey,  
All thieves who could my fees afford  
Relied on my orations,  
And many a burglar I've restored,  
To his friends and his relations.

*Chorus.*

And many a burglar, &c.

JUDGE.

At length I became as rich as the Gurneys—

An incubus then I thought her,  
So I threw over that rich attorney's  
Elderly ugly daughter.  
The rich attorney my character high  
Tried vainly to disparage—  
And now if you please, I'm ready to try  
This breach of promise of marriage!

*Chorus.*

And now if you please &c.

JUDGE.

For now I am a Judge!

ALL.

And a good Judge too!

JUDGE.

Yes, now I am a Judge!

ALL.

And a good Judge too!

JUDGE.

Though all my law is fudge  
Yet I'll never never budge  
But I'll live and die a Judge

ALL.

And a good Judge too

JUDGE (*pianissimo.*)

It was managed by a job—

ALL.

And a good job too !

JUDGE.

It was managed by a job !

ALL.

And a good job too !

JUDGE.

It is patent to the mob,  
That my being made a nob  
Was effected by a job.

ALL.

And a good job too !

*Enter COUNSEL for PLAINTIFF. He takes his place in front row of Counsel's Seats, nearest to audience.*

COUNSEL (*Recit.*)

Swear thou the Jury !

USHER.

Kneel, Jurymen, oh ! kneel !

*All the Jury kneel in the Jury-box, and so are hidden from audience.*

USHER.

Oh will you swear by yonder skies,  
Whatever question may arise,  
Twixt rich and poor—twixt low and high,  
That you will well and truly try.

JURY (*raising their hands, which alone are visible*).

To all of this we make reply,  
By the dull slate of yonder sky :  
That we will well and truly try.

*(All rise with the last note, both hands in air).*

*Recit.* USHER.

This blind devotion is indeed a crusher—  
Pardon the tear-drop of the simple usher!

*(He weeps)*

*Recit.* COUNSEL.  
Call the plaintiff.

*Recit.* USHER.

Oh Angelina! Angelina!! Come thou into Court;  
*(Enter the BRIDESMAIDS, L., each bearing two Palm branches, their arms crossed on their bosoms, and rose-wreaths on their arms.)*

*Chorus of BRIDESMAIDS.*

Comes the broken flower—  
Comes the cheated maid—  
Though the tempest lower  
Rain and cloud will fade!  
Take, oh maid these posies:  
Though thy beauty rare  
Shame the blushing roses—  
They are passing fair!

Wear the flowers till they fade:  
Happy be thy life oh maid!

*(The JUDGE having taken a great fancy to 1st BRIDESMAID, sends her a note by USHER, which she reads, kisses rapturously, and places in her bosom.)*

*Solo, ANGELINA.*

O'er the season vernal,  
Time may cast a shade;  
Sunshine, if eternal,  
Makes the roses fade:  
Time may do his duty;  
Let the thief alone—  
Winter hath a beauty,  
That is all his own.

Fairest days are sun and shade:  
I am no unhappy maid!

*(By this time the JUDGE has transferred his admiration to ANGELINA.)*



*Chorus of BRIDESMAIDS.*

Comes the broken flower, &c.

*(During chorus ANGELINA collects wreaths of roses from BRIDESMAIDS and gives them to the JURY, who put them on and wear them during the rest of the piece.)*

JUDGE *(to ASSOCIATE)*.

Oh never, never, never, since I joined the human race :

Saw I so exquisitely fair a face.

THE JURY *(shaking their forefingers at him)*.

Ah, sly dog!

JUDGE *(to JURY)*.

How say you is she not designed for capture?

FOREMAN *(after consulting with the JURY)*.

We've but one word, my lord, and that is—Rapture!

PLAINTIFF *(curtseying)*.

Your kindness, gentlemen, quite overpowers!

THE JURY.

We love you fondly and would make you ours!

THE BRIDESMAIDS *(shaking their forefingers at JURY)*.

Ah, sly dogs!

COUNSEL for PLAINTIFF. *(Recit.)*

May it please you, my lud!

Gentlemen of the jury!

ARIA.

With a sense of deep emotion,

I approach this painful case;

For I never had a notion

That a man could be so base,

Or deceive a girl confiding

Vows *etcetera* deriding!

ALL.

He deceived a girl confiding

Vows *etcetera* deriding.

PLAINTIFF *falls sobbing on Counsel's breast and remains there.*

COUNSEL.

See my interesting client,  
Victim of a heartless wile!  
See the traitor all defiant  
Wear a supercilious smile!  
Sweetly smiled my client on him,  
Coily woo'd and gently won him.

ALL.

Sweetly smiled, &c.

COUNSEL.

Swiftly fled each honeyed hour  
Spent with this unmanly male!  
Camberwell became a bower,  
Peckham an Arcadian Vale,  
Breathing concentrated otto!—  
An existence *a la* Watteau.

ALL.

Bless us, concentrated otto! &c.

COUNSEL (*coming down with PLAINTIFF who is still sobbing on his breast.*)

Picture then my client naming,  
And insisting on the day:  
Picture him excuses framing—  
Going from him far away,  
Doubly criminal to do so,  
For the maid had bought her *trousseau*!

ALL.

Doubly criminal, &c.

COUNSEL (*to PLAINTIFF*) *who weeps.*  
Cheer up, my pretty—oh cheer up!

JURY.

Cheer up, cheer up, we love you!

COUNSEL *leads PLAINTIFF fondly into Witness-box, he takes a tender leave of her and resumes his place in Court.*

PLAINTIFF *reels as if about to faint.*

JUDGE.

That she is reeling  
Is plain to me!

FOREMAN

If faint you're feeling  
Recline on me !

*(She falls sobbing on to the FOREMAN's breast.)*

PLAINTIFF *(feebly)*.

I shall recover  
If left alone.

ALL. *(Shaking their fists at DEFENDANT.)*

Atone ! atone !

FOREMAN

Just like a father  
I wish to be ! *(Kissing her,)*

JUDGE *(Approaching her)*

Or, if you'd rather,  
Recline on me !

*(She staggers on to Bench, sits down by the Judge, and falls sobbing on his breast.)*

COUNSEL.

Oh ! fetch some water  
From far Cologne !

ALL

For this sad slaughter  
Atone ! atone !

JURY *(Shaking fists at Defendant).*

Monster, monster, dread our fury,  
There's the Judge, and we're the Jury !

Song, DEFENDANT.

Oh, gentlemen, listen, I pray, I pray,  
Though I own that my heart has been ranging,  
Of Nature the laws I obey,  
For nature is constantly changing.  
The moon in her phases is found,  
The time and the wind and the weather,  
The months in succession come round,  
And you don't find two Mondays together.

Consider the moral, I pray,  
 Nor bring a young fellow to sorrow,  
 Who loves this young lady to-day,  
 And loves that young lady to-morrow.

You cannot eat breakfast all day,  
 Nor is it the act of a sinner,  
 When breakfast is taken away,  
 To turn your attention to dinner;  
 And its not in the range of belief,  
 That you could hold him as a glutton,  
 Who, when he is tired of beef,  
 Determines to tackle the mutton.

But this I am ready to say,  
 If it will appease their sorrow,  
 I'll marry one lady to-day,  
 And I'll marry the other to-morrow!

JUDGE (*Recit.*)

That seems a reasonable proposition,  
 To which, I think, your client may agree.

ALL.

Oh, Judge discerning!

COUNSEL.

But, I submit, my lord, with all submission,  
 To marry two at once is Burglaree!

(*Referring to law book.*)

In the reign of James the Second,  
 It was generally reckoned  
 As a very serious crime  
 To marry two wives at one time.

(*Hands Book up to Judge, who reads it.*)

ALL

Oh, man-of learning!

*Quartette.*

JUDGE.

A nice dilemma we have here,  
 That calls for all our wit:

COUNSEL.

And at this stage, it don't appear  
 That we can settle it.

DEFENDANT (*In Witness Box*).

If I to wed the girl am loth  
A breach 'twill surely be—

PLAINTIFF (R.C.).

And if he goes and marries both,  
It counts as Burglaree!

ALL.

A nice dilemma, &c.

Duet, PLAINTIFF and DEFENDANT.

PLAINTIFF, (*Embracing him rapturously*)

I love him—I love him—with fervour unceasing,  
I worship and madly adore;  
My blind adoration is always increasing,  
My loss I shall ever deplore.  
Oh, see what a blessing, what love and caressing  
I've lost, and remember it, pray,  
When you I'm addressing, are busy assessing  
The damages Edwin must pay.

DEFENDANT (*Repelling her furiously*).

I smoke like a furnace—I'm always in liquor,  
A ruffian—a bully—a sot.  
I'm sure I should thrash her, perhaps I should kick  
her,  
I am such a very bad lot!  
I'm not prepossessing, as you may be guessing,  
She couldn't endure me a day.  
Recall my professing, when you are assessing  
The damages Edwin must pay!  
(*She clings to him passionately, he drags her round stage  
and flings her to the ground.*)

JURY.

We would be fairly acting,  
But this is most distracting!

JUDGE (*Recit.*)

The question, gentlemen, is one of liquor;  
You ask for guidance—this is my reply  
If he, when tipsy, would assault and kick her,  
Let's make him tipsy, gentlemen, and try!

## COUNSEL.

With all respect  
I do object!

## ALL.

With all respect  
We do object!

## DEFENDANT.

I don't object!

## ALL.

We do object!

JUDGE (*tossing his books and papers about.*)

All the legal furies seize you!  
No proposal seems to please you,  
I can't stop up here all day,  
I must shortly go away.  
Barristers, and you, attorneys,  
Set out on your homeward journeys;  
Put your briefs upon the shelf,  
I will marry her myself!

(*He comes down from Bench to floor of Court. He embraces Angelina.*)

## FINALE.

## PLAINTIFF (L.C.)

Oh, joy unbounded  
With wealth surrounded  
The knell is sounded  
Of grief and woe.

## COUNSEL (R.C.)

With love devoted,  
On you he's doated,  
To castle moated  
Away they go.

DEFENDANT (L.)

I wonder whether  
They'll live together  
In marriage tether  
In manner true ?

USHER (R.)

It seems to me, sir,  
Of such as she, sir,  
A judge is he, sir,  
A good judge too.

CHORUS.

It seems to me, sir, &c.

JUDGE.

Oh, yes, I am a Judge.

ALL.

And a good judge too !

JUDGE.

Oh, yes, I am a Judge.

ALL.

And a good judge too !

JUDGE.

Though homeward as you trudge,  
You declare my law is fudge,  
Yet of beauty I'm a judge.

ALL.

And a good judge too !

JUDGE and PLAINTIFF dance back, hornpipe step, and get on to the Bench—the BRIDESMAIDS take the eight garlands of Roses from behind Judge's desk (where one end of them is fastened) and draw them across floor of Court, so that they radiate from the desk. Two plaster Cupids in bar wigs descend from flies. Red fire.

CURTAIN.





































